

HENRY FRANC & SON, COR. 7 & D NW

OLD TIME PRIZE FIGHTS

Pugilists and Famous Bouts That Occurred Back in the Sixties.

SPECTATORS TOOK A HAND

Hard Crowds That Frequented the Sport Often Made It End in Tragedy. Bouts Which Last Seventy and Eighty Rounds—Recollections of an Old Ring Patron.

"There's not much to be said about prize fights in the district, either past or present, that I know of," said the old-timer, Ned Kennedy, a Times man, "there never was a big fight pulled off around here. There were a good many ring followers in Washington in the old days, but they had to go a good way from home to see a fight.

"The battles that probably stirred Washington fight-followers as they were never stirred before, and as they have never been stirred since, were those between Sam Collier and Barney Aaron. Sam was a Baltimore man, was well known here and everybody liked him. Sam and Barney fought twice and the fights were hummers. "Both of these battles took place in Virginia, and a host of people went from here to see each of them. The first fight was won by Collier in sixty-seven rounds. This was the first and only defeat for Barney, and he didn't like it a bit. He went after Sam again the next year. "This fight took place at Aquia Creek, and a big crowd of Washington and Baltimore sports, among them some of the toughest you ever saw, were again at the ring-side. Everybody wanted Sam to win and were sure he would, but Barney was loaded for him this time and downed him in seventy-two rounds. There were great fights, and no one who saw them is likely to ever forget them.

SOME OLD-TIMERS.

"No, the district never turned out a fighter of the first rank in any class that I have heard of. "The old-timers, Allen, Mace, Goss and the rest of them, I was pretty close to. Allen for a number of years. Tom was a clever, game fighter. I went with him in '69, and with Jim Cayne, of Newark, N. J., helped to train him for his first fight with McCoolle. That was a fight that raised my hair. It took place at Foston Island, in the Mississippi River, and, oh, my, what a gang was there!

"Every man had a club, knife or gun, and some had all three. Allen stood no show in that crowd. He had McCoolle whipped to a standstill in nine rounds. Mike's face looked like a Ham. He never had been punched in a prize ring. The fight was for \$1,000 a side, excursion money, and the championship of America, and the gang was there to see that Mike didn't lose.

RINGSIDE GANGS.

"Gallagher had whipped him in two rounds, a short time before Tom fought McCoolle, and Tom was dead anxious to get another chance at him, always claiming that Charley's victory was by a chance blow, such as he would never get in again. I knew there would be an awful mob at this fight, and looked for murder, and to tell you the truth, I got scared and didn't go to it.

"Things turned out as I thought. Allen had things his own way in the fight. He whipped Charley all right enough in twenty-five minutes, but the gang wouldn't have it. Again they were there with their knives, guns, razors and bludgeons. They broke down the ring, and Larry Wessel, referee, robbed Tom shamefully by giving the fight to Gallagher.

"I did not train or help train Tom for his meeting with Goss, but I saw the fight. I tell you those were great days among the fighters. The gangs that were at the Allen and McCoolle and Allen and Gallagher fights were hard ones, but they were not in it with the outfit that congregated on this occasion. This crowd was so desperate a one that after getting a short distance away from Cincinnati the train men, to save the decent passengers aboard from insult and danger, deliberately ran the cars containing the fighting excursion out to a side track and left them standing there, while the rest of the train went on its way rejoicing.

"Finally we got to the battleground, in Kenton county, Ky., but Tom and Joe had hardly got well at it when the whole gang was run out by the sheriff and his men, and another ring was pitched in the adjoining county of Boone. After fighting about fifty minutes in all Allen fouled Goss and was declared the loser. This was Allen's last ring fight.

IT ENDED FATALEY.

"I was unfortunate enough to get mixed up in a fight that had a fatal ending. Spring Dick Goodwin, of Cincinnati, and

POINTS ON THEIR STYLES

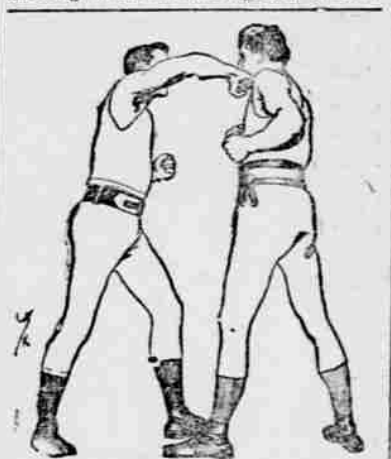
More About the Big Mill at Dallas in October

FITZ A KNOCK-OUT HITTER

But Corbett is an All-Round Master of the Defensive—A Parcel of "ifs" in the Respective Merits of the Men—Cuts Showing Their Methods of Training.

To some of the wise men of ring culture the proposed big championship contest to be held in Dallas, Texas, the last of October of this year, in which Robert Fitzsimmons is aspirant and James J. Corbett is holder of the honor, presents a puzzling aspect. It is true enough that a lot of people see the outcome before the thing has happened, but in spite of the wisecracks there is a parcel of "ifs" bristling up in divers nooks and corners—ugly obstacles which are liable to give either man a tumble in the heat and fury of premeditated milling. A piece of advice founded, I believe, on good, common sense, is that all sports flocking to the Lone Star State lay enough by to get home on no matter which way the betting pictures shape up in their heads.

But if it is hard to pick a winner, perhaps the next best thing can be done—viz., notice the respective tactic fashions and tactics of the combatants as shown in their set-to's with other opponents, from which probably wise prophets who are to stick on their prophetic any way, may be wiser, or having chanced and lost, may still say: "We wagered the only way it could be done scientifically, it was 'Fitz' that knocked us." I ought to be in as good position as anybody to sort out and comment on what is striking in each man, knowing them both, having seen them in



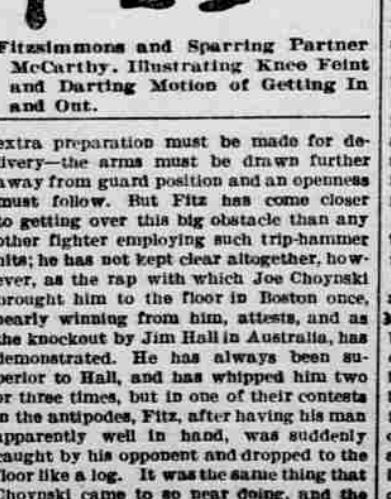
Corbett and Sparring Partner O'Donnell. O'Donnell Shows an Eccentric Claw Blow to Fitzsimmons.

more miles than one, and having talked to and photographed them in various positions with a careful eye to their tricks and strategies of war. Fitzsimmons was born in England thirty-three years ago, going to New Zealand with his parents when a child. He was brought up to the blacksmith trade, leaving it only at such times as he had a match on; when he had whipped his man he got back to the forge, thus keeping always in hardened condition. Fitz comes of a gaunt, hardy, long-lived stock, so that now at thirty-three—a time that is usually accounted pretty well along in pugilistic old age—he is as nimble, trim in physique and full of boxing tricks as a twenty-year-old. He shows this spirit to-day as much as ever, he is full of tricks of the sky-larking order, always ready to tap and feed and jump about his familiar. Every day for years he has had exercise in this manner, and by punching the flying bag, whether there was a match to prepare for or not. His mind is always on the one thing, and he has the will power to make his body live up to its dictates.

The great fighting points that have been brought to the front of Fitzsimmons' battles are unprecedented knock-out hitting, feinting and a lightning, erratic leg movement, which gives him an appearance of grotesqueness. To one looking down from the gallery his amazing swiftness in play about a twenty-four-foot ring has the appearance of the shadow of some gigantic hovering bird; in a glide he looks to cover the length of the ring.

In the art of feinting or pretense, Fitzsimmons is not equalled by any fighter in the ring. His opponents are mixed to know what he is going to do next, and it is from this knowledge that anything else, that he is called eccentric. He has made of feinting such a study, has brought it to such perfection in various ways, that, in close connection with his fierce hitting, it may be looked on as the foundation of his phenomenal quick successes in the ring. The knock-out hitter must have an open runway for his blow; he must not have half his force stopped by the opponent's arm; Fitz is an adept in getting that opening and when it occurs his crooked arm work, his side jabs and uppercuts—are murderous.

It is a maxim of the boxing arena, that the contestant who knocks out quickly is liable to get knocked out quickly, the reason being that in order to hit with extra force, he has to be in a position to be hit.



Fitzsimmons and Sparring Partner McCarthy. Illustrating Knee Feint and Darting Motion of Getting In and Out.

extra preparation must be made for delivery—the arms must be drawn further away from guard position and an openness must follow. But Fitz has come closer to getting over this big obstacle than any other fighter employing such trip-hammer blows. He has not kept clear altogether, however, as the rap with which Joe Choyinski brought him to the floor in Boston once, nearly winning from him, attests, and as the knockout by Jim Hall in Australia, has demonstrated. He has always been superior to Hall, and has whipped him two or three times, but in one of their contests in the antipodes, Fitz, after having his man apparently well in hand, was suddenly caught by his opponent and dropped to the floor like a log. It was the same thing that Choyinski came to see doing, and the same thing that others, though less pronouncedly, have shown some progress at. The saying still holds, therefore, that a fighter fierce at knocking out is liable

to get the same medicine, though in the case of Fitzsimmons, when it is remembered that he has been in the ring since he was a boy, it is not so much a surprise. And this infirmity comes from the fact that the New Zealander is the most polished break-up fighter for a quick opening that the stakes ropes ever cordoned.



Corbett Illustrates Safe Manner of Stopping or Countering Hook Blows.

most vigorously with the arms. Knee or leg feinting to lather an opponent was first shown to American glove fighters by Peter Jackson, on this style Fitz has improved, or at least changed in a manner better suited to him and more puzzling for the opposite man. It is a style of pre-arranged feints.

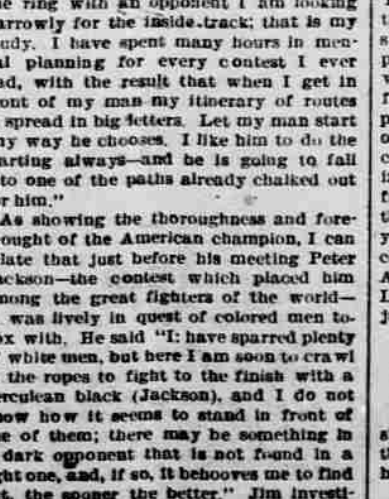
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ship battle with Sullivan he refused to follow the usual habit, resting about 11, as he made it instead some time after 11, as he made it did not know but it might habituate him to feel sleepy too early in the evening—a time, for all he knew, that on the actual night of contest might find his fortune and the annihilation of his life. It was a bold move, looking ahead into such minute details, such things as appear puerile to ordinary people, shows the stuff of which generals are fashioned.

The science of boxing has been studied with as much care by Jim as any professional man in the same time, has given to his vocation. Enthusiasm, continuity and a plastic physique made him a veritable giant in the ring before any one had suspected it. Supported by an ordinary overgrown lad, with nothing more than a knowledge of fancy boxing, he slipped into the ring with Peter Jackson, in 1891, and was full partner in the greatest ring contest between big men in the annals of pugilism.

"No contest," it was called, after six rounds, round of the most marvellous exhibition of endurance, pluck and ring tactics in the history of the fighting world. On that May night, in San Francisco, it is doubtful if any man could have taken either of their places for an hour without defeat.

If Fitzsimmons has come to be famous for his abridgment in hitting, his lightning changes of front, his lightning and darting of the body, and a capability of mustering murderous blows from any position, Corbett is just as famous for his polished mastery of all parts of the game, and particularly for his wondrous ducking and rapid, graceful foot movements.

Most boxers have set ways of ducking that the opposite man is soon "next to." James will switch his head around flying fists as if the wind of the glove made a cushion of air, that is, it is always pushing his head just out of the way of being pummed. He will send his head either way in a circle from an incoming right or left-hand, or he will duck under and up into his man's face in a wink. Such ducking as the big one is capable of has been attained only after years of special practice. When Jim was a young instructor of boxing in the Olympic Club, of San Francisco, a common amusement with him was to set his juvenile class on the gymnasium horse one by one and go through toy boxing bouts with them. Sitting down on a level with each other, the little fellow would endeavor to strike the big one in the face, then the pondar would swish round or back, always clear of the juvenile fist, and the little fellow would gather more confidence to hit hard and straight, but still the pondar would always be matched away to the side. Much exercise such as this and practice with all sorts of boxing opponents, in which Jim did the getting away and they the finding or seeking, furnished him his peculiarly sensitive head piece. Without doubt, never was there a big man to equal him in saving his head from a crashing blow.

To sum up briefly, Fitzsimmons is a knock-out hitter all the time; he is a magician at feinting and getting in from a long distance, and he can knock Corbett out as quickly as anybody else if he can hit him about the head. At ducking or saving punishment from his head he is nothing extra. His last finishes of Jim Hall, Dan Creedon and others could probably not be duplicated by another man in the world. These have given him rank to dispute with the champion and he is the best man to be had to-day to put against him.

Corbett is an all-round master of the defensive art. He knows more about the game, taken as a whole, than Fitz or anybody else, but for reasons already seen he is behind Fitz in dangerous and desperate work. Fitzsimmons has shown himself a genius in a few particulars, while Corbett is a reliable and steady-going from beginning to end. Here are some of the "ifs" of the proposed big combat.

If the fight lasts ten rounds and the phenomenal Australian does not land a knock-out it is likely he would not land one in a hundred years. James will have known all about his turns by that.

If Fitz is swift enough to catch Jim in a duckie can win from four to seven rounds. If Jim is swift in his ducking then Fitz is swifter for them he will push the attention and New Zealand all over the ring and do him for good at leisure.

If Fitz wins he must take his time with such a dangerous fellow.

If Fitz wins he will win two distinct championships—middle and heavy.

If Corbett wins he will have gained nothing in the eyes of his enemies and the thinking, but a whole lot in the eyes of good judges.

If Fitz loses it will come easy for him. He will still be middle-weight champion of the world.

If Jim loses he will indeed be in a bad way. People will taunt him that he was whipped by a stender middle-weight. He could not hope to get on a return match, and would have to mill with the common herd or get out of it at once.

JOSEPH H. DONOVAN.

OUTLAWS' GOLDEN GAIN

Foreign Book at the Track Floods Its Coffers with Dollars.

HARD GAME FOR THE PUBLIC

Get the Worst of the Deal at Every Stage—False Prices and Shaved Quotations Lead Them Astray—Fake Wire-Tappers and Touts Work Their Confidence Schemes.

On several occasions when it was rumored that the outlaw tracks across the river were on the point of closing down owing to an inability to make both ends meet the public in general have wondered what kept them alive.

It has been predicted that they would die half a dozen times, and the fall has again and again been looked for. The outlaws have evidently no intention of "dying," and despite reports to the contrary, have sailed serenely along, and not only managed to keep their heads above water, but have made money.

Of course the question is, by what means have they been able to do it? There is only one answer—"The foreign book." This is the key to their success, and as long as they hang on to it just so long will they reap a golden harvest.

The foreign book on the two Virginia



"Rooting" for His Horse.

tracks is exactly similar to a foreign book on any other track, and it is the same good game everywhere else that it is here.

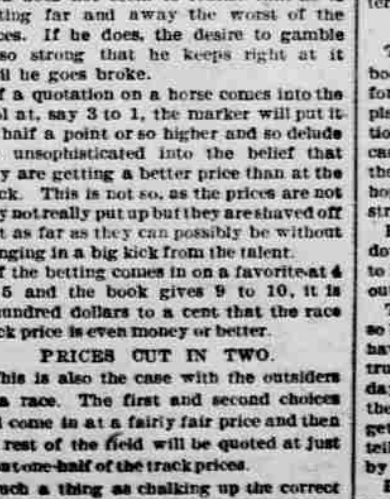
It has kept alive more than one broken-down, outlawed race track, and if the truth were but known, was running for no other reason than to allow the selling of pools on races out of town.

BOTH GAMES ALIKE.

The pool room "graff" is exactly similar to the foreign book arrangement and pays just as large dividends, but it is much harder to get a license for a pool room and then the attendance is not as good as it is on a race track.

There are many hundred people who visit the races and incidentally take a flyer at the foreign book who would never think of going to a pool room unless there were local races to add to the zest of the sport.

There half a dozen reasons why this foreign book scheme is such a good one. The fact that it costs the backers of a foreign book anywhere from \$500 to \$1,000 per day to run one of these mints



Suckers and "Sure Thing."

is evidence enough that it must be a great money-making scheme. On some of the larger tracks in the West the cost is even larger than this.

In addition to the large books that must be paid to the owners of the track for the privilege of running the book, there are other heavy expenses to be met. Not only does the payroll of the clerks amount to quite a little sum, but the track has to pay the telegraph companies for forwarding them with the returns from the tracks upon which they are making book.

UNDER HEAVY EXPENSE.

This latter fee is much heavier on a race track than it is in a poolroom. Just why this is so it would be hard to say, unless the telegraph companies realize that the race track books have a larger field than the poolrooms, and charge them accordingly.

Then comes the question of prices. If the quotations that are received in the foreign books were correct there is no reason why the man on the outside would not stand as good a show as the bookie of the game. This, however, is just where the secret of the success of the thing comes in.

The man who is playing the foreign book does not seem to realize that he is getting far and away the worst of the prices. If he does, the desire to gamble is so strong that he keeps right at it until he goes broke.

If a quotation on a horse comes into the pool at, say 3 to 1, the marker will put it up half a point or so higher and so delude the unsophisticated into the belief that they are getting a better price than at the track. This is not so, as the prices are not only actually put up but they are shaved off just as far as they can possibly be without bringing in a big kick from the talent.

If the betting comes in on a favorite at 5 to 1 and the book gives 10 to 1, it is a hundred dollars to a cent that the race track price is even money or better.

PRICES OUT IN TWO.

This is also the case with the outsiders in a race. The first and second choices will come in at a fairly fair price and then the rest of the field will be quoted at just about one-half of the track prices.

Such a thing as shaking up the correct price against a 100 to 1 shot is very seldom done. When the Dellsie colt won at the Island several weeks ago and the bookies quoted him at 100 to 1, those who backed

him in the out-of-the-poolrooms did not get any thing like this price against him. Most of the money went on at 15 and 20. When it is taken into consideration, that the parties who carried out the coup bet thousands of dollars through the system of shelling the price, it is not the only thing against the foreign book. It has other drawbacks that carry nearly as much weight. For instance it can be readily seen that it is a pretty hard matter to pick a winner in the foreign book unless the player has private information direct from the track where the races are going on.

It is very seldom that this is so. Some of the owners at the track might have an agent or friend who sends them in tips, and if so he stands a fighting chance of beating the game. If the tipster goes up to the board and asphalms attempt to pick a winner, who fills the foreign book coffers.

HAVE NO LINE WHATEVER.

It is tough enough to pick a winner when you are on the track where the races are being run and can see the horses work and so draw some kind of a line on them. How much harder it is when there is nothing of the kind to guide the bettor.

Suppose he goes by the betting that comes in from the tracks, and plays his money accordingly. It would seem that this would be a fairly good line on the horses that had the best chance, and it would if it were not for one thing.

The very horse that does not appear to receive any support at the track might be one who has been heavily played. This will happen through the fact that only two bettings are furnished the foreign books. There are what are called "flashes," which show the price of a horse that has been heavily played, but the play must be a strong one before these flashes are sent in.

Again, a horse is often made a false favorite for the purpose of catching the money of the suckers who know nothing in the world of the merits of the animals running, but simply play their money the way the betting goes.

Nowadays foreign books are fairly honest, but there was a time when barefaced steals were practiced. It used to be "play or pay" then, and money would be taken in on a horse after he had been scratched from a race for some time.

TOUTS HAVE A HARVEST.

The foreign book furnishes a great field for the tout. A stranger who knows nothing of the horses will take a tout's advice on them twice as quickly as he will on the local track, where he thinks he has a line on the ponies.

The tout will often get up fake telegrams and show them to the man they want to "get down." They will tell him that they "would not show them to anyone else for a barrel of money." This is a great argument, and unless the "sucker" is not so green as he looks, the chances are ten to one that he takes the bait.

Some funny things often happen in front of a foreign book desk. A tout who is pretty well known at the across-the-river tracks did a masterpiece of business the time he got a "sucker" to "put down a little bet for the boy." The "good thing" put it down, with the innocent remark that it "might induce him to try," and the tout pocketed the ticket and incidentally the money when the horse won.

This foreign book business also furnishes a great field for the crooked element on the tracks who will not stop at any kind of a swindle. One of their favorite games is what is termed "getting a guy up against the wire."

In plain, every-day English this means to get a greenhorn to put down a swell bet, with the understanding that the foreign book wire is tapped and that the information will be taken from the wires and the winner of the race played before the returns are allowed to go in.

THINKS THEY ARE TAPPED.

The so-called wire tappers will have a

telegram instrument somewhere near the track and will take the "guy" to it and tell him that the wire which he sees running toward the track is connected with the foreign book wire.

If he is pretty green he will jump at the chance to beat the book and it doesn't take the "tappers" long to separate him from his bank roll. Sometimes they will pick out a horse that they think has a good show and will take a chance with the money they get from him. As a rule, however, they will take something that hasn't a chance in the world and when it loses claim that they got hold of the wrong wire.

The "sucker" may put up a big kick but it does not do him much good as he cannot report the swindlers for fear of coming in for part of the punishment himself.

The class of people who make a practice of playing the foreign book does not appear to be as good as those who confine themselves to the local races. They are very often the outcasts from the pool rooms, which of late years, have been closed up all over the country.

They seem to be fascinated by the game and hang around like so many ghosts of the past. There was a time possibly when many of them were not only well off but were rich and they never appear to lose hope that they will have a streak of luck or as they term it "get good."

TRY TO MAKE COMBINES.

The combination book in the foreign book is also another field for a rich harvest for the backer of the game. This system of playing seems to have a peculiar fascination for many people, and though they don't cash a ticket once out of a hundred times, they will go back again and again with the hope always alive that they will some day strike it rich.

Possibly they do, but more often they go down with a dull thud. It is hard enough to pick one winner, without trying to pick out three or four.

The profits of the backer of the book are so large that it would seem that they never have to pay off a ticket. This is very nearly true, as a glance in front of the book any day will testify. At the ticket writer's desk there is a continual line of men eager to get their bets down, while at the paying teller's window the line is very conspicuous by its absence.

It's hard enough to win a bet on the local races, but when it comes to the foreign book the best game is to "scratch" before they have any chance to make any inroads upon your bank roll.